

house is almost sure to be a profitable busi-

I have of en thought of this since my de-

practice it, as regards earthly affairs, at

NAME OF ONE OF THE I once heard a great student of human ictims of the hologrust at the Char- nature—a gambler of National fame, whom hope ity Fair in Paris, recailed to my mind | my re-ursection came just too late to allow the fact that less than a year ago I | me to meet in the flesh again-ay that the received, by express, a package, ac- chief reason why a well-managed gambling company d by this note:

"My DEAR FRIEND: Thirty-odd years ness, even with a perfectly honest game, was are we're companions in misfortune, in | in the fact that 'the common run of men more than one of the over-crowded pens in | will keep on playing so long as they conwhich the Cantederacy immured its prison- tinue to lose, in the hope of retrieving their ers of war. You will not recognize me, for the luck; but, after winning a few times, will pame hereto affixed is not the one by | quit from fear that luck will turn against which you knew me. If I were to use the I them again." name familiar to you I fear your curiosityperhaps your very incredulity-might lead | mise, and decided I was just one of "the you to break the s al of the accompanying common run of men," who did not know packet, even despite ray solemn injunction when to stop. In fact, I have about conto leave the same intact. For the same cluded that the chief element of success in reason, I dare not more fully identify myself, the world is not genius nor eleverness, nor but will only say that for many months I | intellectual capacity of any sort, but simply elept within arm's length of you upon the an intuitive faculty of determining just the crowded floor of Libby Pr son, and passed right time to let go. Doggedness is a commany days in gue sing out with you the | mon enough virtue, if it be a virtue, but the words of Don Quixote, in the original Span- ability to know when to stop is a divine ish, from a volume, which by some strange cift. "The final perseverance of the chance you brought with you when you saints" may be a good the logical dogma, came to share our quarters in the old Mili- but I have noticed that most of those who tary Prison at Atlanta.

There were six of us who undertook the least, die poor. study of the noble Castilian tongue under | Well, I kept putting up my margins. most peculiar conditions. We were not very | One lot aft r another disappeared under the well equipped according to the notions of the growing chud of incumbrance, until, schools, having but three books, if I remem- finally, another mortgage was nut upon the ber rightly—the immortal story of Cervan- home. And still the load became heavier tes, a small Spanish-French dictionary, and | and heavier, until I began to hear my wife's a Spanish Testament, with a vocabulary reproaches and see my child's tears. That attached. You generally held the text, by is, I dreamed I heard reproaches, for, as a reason of your proprie or hip of the books, fact, the wife I so dearly loved knew not a I suppose, or perhaps because you had some | word about what I had done. I only fancied advantage over the others in having gathered | what would happen when she should know. knowledge of the pronunciation from a pre- It was before my mind seye all the time, vious brief companionship with one whose authority on the subject was unquestion-

"When we were transferred to Libby, where, as you will recollect, we arrived in the midst of a severe snow storm, five of us, yourself among the number, were assigned to the same room. Bateman, sepa:ated from me by reason of a d ference in rank, we never saw again. Of the remaining five, you believe yourself to be the only one alive, but I do not doubt that the facts I have stated will convince you that one more of this quintet of friends, bound by such peculiar ties, is still extant. Which one it is, must remain a mystery until he also has passed to the bourne from which no traveler

"The accompanying sealed package contains a true account of a life strangely eventful in its experiences. I am just sailing for a vacation, which I expect will last for some years. During that time, I hope to visit the scenes of the life of that Knight of La Mancha, whose adventures we first traced together. I shall think of you often, and may communicate with you from time to time. It is because of the facts I have related, that I intrust the secret of my life to you. I know it will be faithfully preserved.

"Should I return, I shall ask to have this package remitted to me with its seals unbroken. Should I not be so fortunate, you will open it and make such disposition of its contents as you may see fit. Lite is always uncertain, mine, perhaps, peculiarly so, though I hope the cloud which has so long hung over it may be lifted, and that we may again meet to talk over days when life was so much more than mere existence to us who were part and parcel of its mighty movements. With the warmest wishes for your continued happiness and success, I am, your old

A. QUITMAN." I often wondered which of the little group of brave men it might be whose life secret was hidden by the seals of this baffling brown paper parcel. As it happened, the fate of three out of the four who were accounted dead was wrapped in mystery. Two of them had disappeared during the conflict, another some years afterward. them bore a name at all resembling the one attached to this letter, and I had never

known a person of this name in my life. What recalled it to my mind lately was seeing the name "Arthur Quitman" among the victims of this terrible calamity. Was it my friend? I had heard from him once

A. Quitman, American traveler, wife and daughter m ssing."

I determined to open the package. In giving its contents to the world I have thought best to preserve the secret of my prison friend's identity thus strang-ly committed to my care, although giving him another name besides the one with which he

CHAPTER I.

I used often to wonder how Lazarus felt A friend loaned me something on the would need no staff. then; it is the dog days now.

fenders I had been in a memorable struggle; pity for my despair. When a man has been not of any personal prominence myself in dead awhile he finds the world improves because just there in the corner of the this struggle, but I was brought by this ac- wonderfully as he looks back upon it.

and child, and lived in a snug little house in these days the holiest of all commandwith a rapidly-disappearing mortgage.

How many happy hours had we not spent twilight.

My situation was a good one, and I picced | end came it would mean death. out my income now and then with more or | So I walked the office floor by day and less successful efforts of a literary character. the streets by night, waiting for the end, I had some political prominence, too, and wondering when the blow would fall and was not without hope of preferment at the how it would seem to meet annihilation. hands of my party.

dition. They did not seem likely to do so, might bring the end.

buzzing in my ears-the story of the continued decline of the great C.C.C., "the seas incarnadine," I called them, and laughed at the silly pun which kept repeating itself in my poor brain.

I have often wondered that I did not take to drink in those hours of nameless agony. Perhaps it would have been better if I had done so. I have learned since, that is, I have learned or read-no matter, one does not know how thoughts come when he is dead-that in those institutions where the mentally infirm are hidden away and someround and round in search of what it can never find, they appeal to Bacchus to give better that I died. Intoxication may lull, but the waking brings the agony again. is an almost universal tendency. At least, Only death could have brought relief, and death is better than life without honor or

was a last call for margins-the last for me, at least. I do not know how I met it. I must have raised the money somehow, for I | to die. had \$27.13 left. I remember just how the desk-a \$10 bill, two fives, two twos, three ones, a dime and a three-cent piece. I knew it was the end, and had already given those inside the Stockade consisted in ever call me a coward. I had staked everything, home, love, honor. I do not know

thing not-well, not exactly "straight." with the others which told the story of the struggle, locked my office door, and started to go-whither I do not know; not to my home, that is certain, not at least until I | tery. had atoned for my fault. I had always a fancy for the new Northwest-the Territory named after the tather of our country-and



"AND STILL THE STOCK FELL."

learn how I had trifled with her happiness ness, until I might redeem my error and and dissipated the inheritance of our child. | win a new home. I believe now that if I had given up and confessed my weakness and shame, my wife would have forgiven me, even though it left us to begin life anew at the zero-point of the social and financial scale. Perhaps I to my desperation. How could I live to point and about what time such shipment sue to her for pardon? Had she not trusted | could be made. me from the first moment our eyes met, Only one was incontestibly dead. None of when we were yet hardly more than children? Could I bear to blight that faith and of athletic build, but had that excess of disappoint that buoyant love? We are told that "love casteth out fear." but mine multiplied it a thousandfold. I thought I would rather die than have her know my weakness. In fact, I often contemplated snicide, and that no doubt would have been the end of a fishing-smack on the Newfoundland or twice, and knew he had expected to be in of the struggle, but I remembered a life in- Banks. So I had naturally thought of that Paris about this time. Cabling an inquiry, surance policy that stood in her blessed sectusion, which is a little less than impenname, which would have been invalidated trable oblivion, that rests upon a foremast by such an act. It was all that would be left it-if I could not hold on. So I did not that long before one of the four-masted raise my hand against my life, but only schooners, which now and then still makes prayed that I might die.

fall. Fraction by fraction, point by point, fortunes of Philip Devens would have it crept down the scale of value. I hanted the brokers' offices and read the white rib- except the faithful wife, who would wait for transmitted to me the strange story that bons that rolled off the "tickers" until I years in unfaltering hope of the redemption was afraid to look at them any more. And of his promise—the promise be would leave still the calls for more margins came.

after he came forth. Now I know, with this | books I had gathered in the hope, which a difference his entombment was for days man of literary tendencies is so apt to in- of the company, which were well up town, only, mine extended over years. It is 12 dulge, of forming a really valuable collection or I may have been going to the ferry, inyears since I died. It was the dog days | -a collection that shall be at the same time | tending to take one more look at the home of use while he shall live and a sort of I loved and perhaps get one more look of I was living in a suburban town, my busi- monument of scholarly aspiration when he her whose trust I had wronged. I know ness being in the city of New York. I was not shall be no more. They were my pride, but not what may have been my purpose or desaltogether unknown upon its streets, nor in not worth half the sum he advanced on tination save that I had fully determined the Capital of the Nation, one of whose de- them. I think now he did it out of mere | never to return to the office I had left.

who were. My occupation-well, that had to brace myself to bear the shock of humilia- both past and nature. My head seemed been of a character to considerably extend tion which it must bring. I was fully aware bursting. The sunshine was full of red the knowledge of my personality, making of what it meant. There is no crime the clots. The very motions of the leaf-shadows and in these were beds made of pine | Wadsworth Totten-yes, up to the Yellowme one of those known to many people who | world will not forgive sooner than failure; on the wall brought a new agony. I walked there is no other disgrace it will not forget with my head bent down; my mind full of My home-life was happy; I had a wife except poverty. "Pay that thou owest," is one thought, seeing but one thing-the ments. Whoever is unable to comply with all the world my fate. There was a fearful This bouse my wife and I had planned to it is already damned. Society, the church, pain in the back of my head, where a burenlarge into a mansion as soon as the shadow | the club, his party and his friends stand of the incumbrance disappeared. The speci- ready to treat him as an outcast. His resting on the nape. My limbs dragged fications were already drawn and had been family are dragged with him to an obscurity heavily; my ears buzzed as if the blood submitted to the approval of our friends. in comparison with which Erebus is but beat in surges against the throbbing mem-

gesting amendments to add to its comfort property, modest as it was, were swept away of the line of march, staggered to the roadand elegance! It was situated in the in- and I went forth among men with the brand side and fallen into unconsciousness from evitable track of an almost apparent "boom," of the debter on my brow, it would be a sunstroke. But this was not sunstroke. and was flanked by quite a number of lots thousand times worse than the mark of The air was cool. It was the dog days, and that I had bught as "acreage," and to Cain, whom all men contemned, but whom the earth sweet from a recent shower. which I looked with confidence for the for- none would slay lest they should end his tune every good American believes to be agony; inasmuch as Mammon's condemnalying in wait for him somewhere along the tion is infinitely more potent with good society than God's. I knew that when the

I think I must have walked a thousand I had latterly taken some chances in Wall | miles in these last few days of culminating street, not very large ones, but large horror. How my head ached, and my back! enough, if they fulfilled expectations, to An old wound-a relic of the battle dayshave materially improved my financial con- broke out afresh. How I prayed that it

however. I suppose there was no good Still, as I walked, the pavements and the reason why I should have expected them to walls were covered with figures—the queer of vehicles when I opened the door, jumped do so. So I put up my margins "like a indented figures of the "ticker." The out and ran another way. A great fear had little man," and as the chance of profit white endless co'ls stretched like writhing taken hold upon me. Someone was pursuapparently grew more and more attenuated I became more and more determined to hang on to the bitter end. I suppose this and saw what I could not hear from the life be cont

how she would despise and contemn who I have a notion that it was my purpose to had so loved and trusted, when she should go and bury myself in its dim umbrageous-

How I expected to get there with the meager sum at my disposal I do noe know, but I recall the fact that weeks before I had conceived the plan of shipping before the thought so then, but the b lief only added of the new country, and had learned at what

This mode of escape commended itself to me the more readily because I was not only vitality which makes a sailor's life agreeable. Besides that I had some knowledge of its duties and requirements. As a boy, I had sailed the Great Lakes, and as a young man had spent a Summer as one of the crew hand who ships for a long cruise. I knew the trip around the Horn to our western And still the stock fell, and continued to coast, could reach San Francisco the misceased to be of serious moment to anyone with her as the staff of her faith, which yet

It may be that I had started for the docks

because just there in the corner of the cident of my life to the knowledge of some | I knew the end must come soon, and tried | hostel, that happened which blotted out square visible from the windows of a noted figures of the "ticker" which heralded to den like the weight of all the world seemed branes. I remembered something like it in together conning over the designs and sug- I very well understood that if my little the old war-days when I had dropped out

All at once-while I was looking at the gone, the burden, the shame, the fear, the past. The home, the wife, the world, all, all

were blotted out. I lifted my head and laughed. How bright the world was! How cheery all things seemed! A cabman standing beside his horse laughed-because I did, I suppose, I looked at him, laughed again, sprang into his vehicle and told him to drive-somewhere, I do not remember where.

the door and leaped upon his box. He was ordinary applications of soap and water the last man who saw me alive. He had hardly crossed the street among the crowd ing, I thought. I did not know why, but

[To be continued]

ANDERSONVILLE. (Continued from first page)

we were only under the old Stars and Stripes, we wouldn't care for a few worms, would we?"

It seemed terrible that so gallant soul should depart from earth in this miserable fashion. Some of us, much times healed, when they can in no other and put the case as strongly as possible. way stop the poor weak brain from circling begging them to do something to alleviate his suffering. They declined to see it rest and drown its cares in wine which the case, but got rid of us by giving us gots. We did so. It must have been cruel torture, and as absurd remedially as cruel, but our hero set his teeth The end came after many ages. There and endured without a groan. He was then carried out to the hospital

I said the doctors made a pretense of money looked as I counted it out upon my affording medical relief. It was hardly that, since about all the prescription for up all hope, but somelow I was glad to giving a handful of sumach berries to have raised the margin. Nobody should each of those complaining of scurvy. The berries might have done some good. just what I did, but I am sure it was some- had there been enough of them, and had their action been assisted by proper Wi en it was over, I filed the receipt along food. As it was, they were probably nearly, if not wholly, useless. Nothing was given to arrest the ravages of dysen-

A limited number of the worst cases were admitted to the hospital each day. As this only had capacity for about onequarter of the sick in the Stockade, new patients could only be admitted as others died. It seemed, anyway, like signing a man's death warrant to send him to the hospital, as three out of every four who went out there died. The following from the official report of the hospital shows this:

Total number admitted, 12,400; died, 8,663; exchanged, 823; took the oath of allegiance, 25; sent elsewhere, 2,889. Total, 12,400. Average deaths, 76 per

Early in August I made a successful effort to get out to the hospital. I had several reasons for this: First, one of my chums, W. W. Watts, of my own company, had been sent out a little while before very sick with scurvy and pneumonia, and I wanted to see if I could do anything for him, if he still lived. I have mentioned before that for awhile after our entrance into Andersonville five of us slept on one overcoat and covered ourselves with one blanket. Two of these had already died, leaving, as possessors of the blanket and overcoat, W. W. Watts, B. B. Andrews, and my-

Next, I wanted to go out to see if there was any prospect of escape. I had long since given up hopes of escaping from the Stockade. All our attempts at tunneling had resulted in dead failures, and now, to make us wholly despair of success in that direction, another stockade was built clear around the prison, at a distance of 120 from the first palisades. It was manifest that, though we might succeed in tunneling past one stockade, we could not go beyond the second one.

I had the scurvy rather badly and, being naturally slight in frame, I presented a very sick appearance to the physicians, and was passed out to the hospital. While this was a wretched affair, it was still a vast improvement on the Stockade. About five acres of ground, a little southeast of the Stockade, and bordering on a creek, were inclosed by a board fence, around which the guard walked. Trees shaded the ground tolerably well. There were tents and flies to shelter part of the sick, and again from Fort Snelling, Abercrombie,

ered he did it almost in spite of fate. The medicines given were scanty and

The principal remedial agent-as far as my observation extended—was a rank species of unrectified spirits, which, I was told, was made from sorghum seed. It had a light-green tinge, and was about as inviting to the taste as spirits of tur- How Col. Fetterman and His Brave Men moved by the sight, went to the doctors pentine. It was given to the sick in small quantities mixed with water. had had some experience with Kentucky "apple-jack," which, it was popularly Wirz and his associates. Nothing would his habitual tipple.

> There were 3,709 in the hospital in tested his nerve. hand with the sharp corner of a card of | reach. and he died four days later.

education in the South-as indeed of stepped aside. men of fair abilities and attainments.

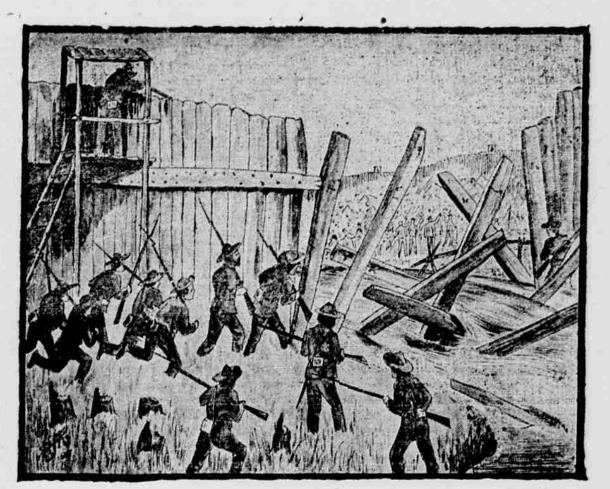
illiterate and unlearning quacks who stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kan., top of the hill, and scouting parties physic and blister the poor whites and and on April 24, 1866, received news could be seen going and coming in all negros in the country districts of the from Headquarters that an uprising was directions. The fort had a large stocking of the nose by repeating a verse and Wyoming. from the Bible; who think that if in gathering their favorite remedy of boneset they cut the stem upwards it will purge any other reprehensible redskin. At the fate of our comrades beyond the their patients, and if downwards it will Fort Laramie, Neb., we met the object hill. I had been in many bloody battles vomit them, and who hold that there is nothing so good for "fits" as a black Sioux Chief, was there with nearly 3,000 never left me before. I think it was the cat, killed in the dark of the moon, cut braves, and Rain-in-the-face, the great same with all the men. open, and bound, while yet warm, upon the naked chest of the victim of the

They had a case of instruments captured from some of our field hospitals, which were dull and fearfully out of order. With poor instruments and unskilled hands the operations became

[Tobe continued.]

ANOTHER " REGULAR " SPEAKS.

Agrees with Comrade Gurnett, and Wants to See the Indian Battles Written About. EDITOR NATIONAL TRIBUNE : Comrade Gurnett, of 8th U.S., must give credit to the G.A.R. We will rob nobody of credit for good service to our country. His letter I read with pleasure in the issue of Sept. 2. It made me think of the Northwest. I belonged to the "Walk-a-Heaps," and we footed it from Omaha, Neb., to Fort Phil Kearny, N. D., to Big Horn River, Mont.



THE BREAK IN THE STOCKADE.

leaves. There were regular streets and alleys running through the grounds, and, as the management was in the hands of our own men, the place was kept reasonably clean and orderly-for Anderson-

There was also some improvement in the food. Rice in some degree replaced and, if served in sufficient quantities, would doubtless have promoted the re- D. C. covery of many men dying from dysenteric diseases. We also received small quantities of "okra," a plant peculiar familiar scenes-I died! The pain was to the South, whose pods contained a mucilaginous matter that made a soup cures are really marvelous. Rev. J. L. Combs. very grateful to those suffering from

But all the ameliorations of condition were too slight to even arrest the Stockade. These still wore the same

Yes, 30 years ago-you can rely on itthere were hardships, and, I may say, starvation, in opening up the great Northwest and fighting Indians. You must know there was no exchange of prisoners with Indians. Some may say it is better to be killed than taken prisoner. Well, that is a matter of taste. Let us hear more from Regulars. What about the Hayfield fight on Aug. 2, the nauseous and innutritious cornbread, 1867; about Gen. Miles and the 5th U. S., and Gen. Custer and his expeditions? Let someone speak again .- YELAD, Washington, Have You Asthma or Hay Fever?

cure for Asthma and Hay-fever in the wonderful Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its of Martinsburg, West Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of thirty years' standing, and Hon, L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair in Hay-fever season, being unable to progress of the disease of the thousands him at once. Mr. Alfred C. Lewis, editor of of dying men brought out from the the Farmer's Magazine, was also cured when he could not lie down for fear of choking, being always worse in Hay-fever season. Others of "All right, Major," he said, slammed to garments as in prison; no baths or even our readers give similar testimony, proving it Asthma or Hay-fever we advise you to send your address to the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, who to prove its power their long, lank and mattered hair was not trimmed. The most ordinary and obvious measures for their comfort and converged of their comfort and converged co

FACING A WILY FOE

Story of the Fort Phil Kearny Tragedy.

Lost Their Lives-The Salvation Circle-A Three Months' Siege.

BY FRANK S. PARQUHAR.

believed among the boys, would dissolve rather go through ten civil wars than ble off his horse and roll over in the brings respite in sleep. Perhaps-no, it is a bottle of turpentine, with directions to a piece of the fattest pork thrown into through one Indian campaign," said snow to perish. pour it upon the ulcers to kill the mag- it, but that seemed balmy and oily First Lieut. A. B. Farquhar, of Knox alongside of this. After tasting some, I County, Ill., to me a short time ago. our men, but their shots were not very ceased to wonder at the atrocities of "I was with Sherman on his march to the eff ctive. They kept riding farther and sea, and in 29 skirmishes and battles, farther away; part of the time they seem too bad to a man who made that but I considered that by no means so would ride around in a circle, and somebad as the campaign against the Sioux times back and forth in front of our Certainly this continent has never Indians of the Winter of 1866-'67. men. The soldiers followed them up seen-and I fervently trust it will never Indian fighting is no play, and the tyro and brought down a man at almost again see-such a gigantic concentra- who is looking for the last remnant of every shot. tion of misery as that hospital displayed the red race to wipe off the face of the daily. The official statistics tell the earth would have had an excellent op- most chilled the marrow in my bones. story of this with terrible brevity: portunity just after the rebellion to have Col. Fetterman had taken his men down

August; 1,489-nearly every other "The Indians of the Northwest were Indians, who were going pell-mell ahead man-died. The rate afterwards be- then giving the Government officials con- of them. They no more than got well came much higher than this. The most siderable trouble. The Sioux were the into the ravine when 4,000 warriors, conspicuous suffering was in the gangrene | most hostile of them all. Their stamp- | who were lying in ambush, poured down wards. The gangrene mostly attacked ing ground was in the Dakotas, and a upon them, and every man of them was the legs and arms, and the legs more more treacherous, wily tribe of savages killed and scalped. than the arms. Sometimes it killed could not well be imagined. They re- "The red devils did the job complete. men inside of a week; sometimes they sented all intrusion on their lands by the They were not satisfied in killing lingered on indefinitely. I remember whites, and drove out or killed and and scalping them, but mutilated the one man in the Stockade who cut his scalped every one who came within their bodies. They cut the soldiers' heads off

wagon; gangrene set in immediately, sands of dollars and thousands of lives carrying their ghastly trophies of war to have been sacrificed to bring this war- the tune of an incoherent war song. The rebel doctors at the hospital re- ring race into subjugation. These Indians sorted to wholesale amputations to check long contended for their right of supremthe progress of the gangrene. I pre- acy over the land of the Dakotas. They diately sent word to the commanding sume more bungling operations are acquired it through battle from the officer at the fort. He came to the top rarely seen outside of Russian or Turk- Indians of that name years ago. As of the hill, took in the situation, and ish hospitals. Their unskilfulness was civilization reached out for new fields ordered a retreat to the fort, where he apparent even to non-scientific observers to work in, the 'unconquerable Sioux,' began to prepare for a siege. The siege like myself. The standard of medical as we used to call them, reluctantly came.

quite low. The Chief Surgeon of the experience in the Winter of 1866-'67, now only about 320 strong, our proprison, Dr. Isaiah White, and perhaps at Fort Phil Kearny, on the Missouri visions were nearly all gone, and wood two or three others, seemed to be gentle- River, in the heart of the Sioux country. | was an absolute necessity in the terrible I was attached to the 18th U. S., under | cold days that soon followed. The next The remainder were of that class of Col. H. B. Carrington. We were day a thousand Indians appeared at the South; who believe they can stop bleed- expected among the Indians of Dakota ade around it, with a gate to the north

Chief of the Cheyennes, was also there "The Colonel was going around busywith a strong body-guard. These two ing himself looking after things, never great Chiefs of the Northwest had met saying a word. Suddenly he gave orders there to hold a council of peace, both to form in line. We all filed up the

with good results on behalf of the whites. orders, and we began to file out the The Sioux Indians went away on the stockade gate on the north to what we war-path. Red Cloud gathered his supposed meant immediate death. We warriors together and started north. marched around the stockade to the We reached Fort Phil Kearny, about southern gate and in it. 250 miles northwest of Fort Laramie, "I saw at once the ruse the Colonel on the 10th of July. There were four was playing. Just as the front ranks companies of us, with about 400 men, entered the southern gate the rear of the all told, officers and privates and other formidable army left the northern gate. army followers. We reached the fort This proved to be our salvation. The before the Indians arrived in the vicin- circle of soldiers was kept up for an ity. Red Cloud soon appeared with hour, when the Indians disappeared 4,000 warriors, and stationed them not over the hill beyond. The next day over two miles away in a ravine to the they came back, but in greater force.

began. We had a large herd of cattle ening demonstrations up till March. and horses with us, which struck the Every day they appeared in large num-Indians as desirable property to possess. bers on the hill, when we would form in As we had no grain food with us we line and perform the 'circle of salvaallowed the stock to graze on the prod- tion,' as the boys called it. uct of the plains. This caused trouble. | "Friendly Indians told us that the Every day the rascals made raids on Sioux thought we had 5,000 soldiers in the cattle and drove them off. As we the fort, or they would have attacked us. were all young soldiers, we delighted to We expected to be attacked at night, give chase to them, and many lively and for three months every man slept skirmishes took place. This was almost | with his clothes on and kept his gun by an every-day occurrence.

an awful amount of wood to keep the | 25 to 35 degrees below zero. fire going.

diers, and we were making great prepa- had to solve. Old Red Cloud kept his rations to raise a liberty-pole. The scouts out, but they never got close daily supply of wood, and the rest of us ber of men in it. When the wood-train were gathered outside getting things in | would start out on its precious mission shape to erect a monument to the mem- the steady tramp of the soldiers, out one ory of liberty. Some were shouting for door and in another, would be kept up Old Glory, some singing, some cavorting until the wood-train returned. around in the snow like frolicksome | "During the siege I would slip out boys, and some were chopping and ham- under cover of darkness with a small mering away, preparing to hoist the escort and take the mail to Fort Larapole. Holidays didn't often come for mie and return. It required 17 days the boys at Ft. Phil Kearny, and, of to make the trip, and the terrors of those course, when they did come they made Dakotas Winters was no barrier to us Rome how!, as the saving goes.

at their highest a friendly Chevenne | mail party was attacked several times came running in and said there were a and robbed, but this was done to bring large number of Indians gathering on the soldiers out of the fort. The rethe hill above. In a little while a force mains of the poor soldiers lay where Medical Science at last reports a positive of about a hundred Indians appeared they were massacred throughout the upon the crest of the hill. This sent a cold Winter months. When Spring set thrill of excitement through us, as the in we received reinforcements, and the boys were desirous for a little brush with Indians migrated to the North. We their foes.

train was in that direction, and the was out in April, and I left the Army." commanding officer soon detailed a company of men to go out and protect it. Lieut.-Col. Fetterman was in charge.

"Col. Fetterman was given orders not to go beyond the hill, but he disobeyed. The wood-train arrived safe in camp, but Col. Fetterman and his men never returned alive. We apprehended danger, and I was sent with a small squad to the top of the hill to watch proceedings on the other side. I saw Col. Fetterman and his men about two miles away, down among the gentlysloping hills. They were having a lively skirmish with about 50 Indians, "Talk about war! why, I would and occasionally a red-skin would tum-

"The Indians kept banging away at

"Directly, I saw something that alinto a ravine, apparently to capture the

and impaled them on long poles, and cornbread he was lifting from the ration "The Government has spent thou- the young warriors marched around

"From my experience with the Indians I knew what this meant. I imme-

"Col. Carrington exhibited great skill every other form of education-was "Well, I started to tell you of my as a master of Indian tactics. We were and one to the south. The Indians were "We coon received marching orders preparing to make an attack, and we and started out to hunt the Sioux or were all ordered to get ready to meet of our hunt. Red Cloud, the famous while marching to the sea, and my nerve

among themselves and with the whites. best we could in our cramped quarters. "This council of peace did not end 'Shoulder arms! March!' came the

The same tactics was gone through at "Well, right here is where the fun | the fort. The Indians kept their threat-

his side.

"They kept up their raiding and | "Those were dreary, cold nights. Our cattle stealing until the 21st of Decem- situation was worse than the murderer ber. This was the beginning of the waiting to be hanged. There we were, dark days that soon followed. Winter penned up for over three months, 250 had set in, and no one who never spent | miles from the nearest fort, and sura Winter in Dakota can realize their rounded by 4,000 savages, and with intensity. We had to haul wood three starvation staring us in the face. The miles. It took an awful amount of fire snow was three feet deep most of the to keep us warm, and, of course, took time, and the thermometer stood from

"We had to have wood, the getting of "The 21st was a holiday for the sol- which was the most difficult problem we wood-haulers had gone off for their enough to the fort to ascertain the num

when the lives of the handful of sol-"While the pleasures of the day were diers at the fort were at stake. The then gathered up the dead soldiers and "The Indians' movements showed buried them beneath the soil of the signs of coming trouble. The wood- battleground of the Sioux. My time

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the